

Nonetheless, the "global rocket" launching over the United States like a monstrous sword of Damocles. And they pave the way for further agreements.

These developments come when American policy is making more setbacks than successes in Europe, Asia and Latin America. That makes progress to defusing the cold war doubly welcome to us, just as it must be to a Kremlin beset by hate waves from Peking. The Kennedy-Gromyko meeting should be a moment of basic clarification, determining what additional progress can be made. The Big Three Foreign Ministers have debated the issues involved, but without achieving a meaningful meeting of minds.

Up to now the impossibility of concord, except on peripheral issues, has stemmed primarily from the irreconcilability of Soviet and Western views on a solution for the central problem of Germany. Unhappily, there is no sound basis for hoping that the Russians are yet prepared to enter into an area of accommodation that could be acceptable to the free world on this issue. This still leaves open the possibility of agreements against the proliferation of nuclear arms; on further progress toward disarmament and the reduction of military budgets, and even on Cuba.

These questions are to be explored in further talks through various channels. But so long as the real Soviet mass remains ignorant, the West must keep up its guard. That is why the United States continues to spend billions for defense and to strengthen our alliances by all available means, including a multilateral Polaris fleet for NATO. A strong Atlantic alliance is not only the main guardian of our peace and security but also a potent spur to Moscow to join us in the search for real peace.

State Within a State?

In the Central Intelligence Agency a state within a state?

President Kennedy's recall of the head of C.I.A. operations in South Vietnam, coming after persistent reports of discord between him and Ambassador Lodge, appears to provide substantive corroboration to the long-voiced charge that our intelligence organization too often tends to "make" policy.

The C.I.A. is a large and, on the whole, well-organized intelligence apparatus, which knows and employs all the tricks of the trade. But it not only gathers intelligence; it "operates" saboteurs, guerrillas and other paramilitary forces. And its operations—particularly if they are not carefully programmed, controlled and directed—tend willy-nilly to influence policy, if not to make it.

The agency has many extremely able men. But it operates behind the cloak of anonymity and secrecy—and secrecy adds to power. When the same organization collects intelligence and evaluates it, and, at the same time, conducts clandestine operations—and when that organization is as powerful and as well financed as the C.I.A.—there is an inevitable tendency for some of its personnel to assume the functions of king-makers.

Communist imperialism and the oligarchs of the nuclear age have brought us once away—whether we like it or not—from the era of 1959, when Secretary of State Stimson closed the nation's only code-breaking organization with the remark that "gentlemen do not read each other's mail." Today we must read the other fellow's mail if we want to survive.

But the C.I.A., like the F.B.I., has gone too long without adequate Congressional accountability. A Joint Congressional Committee on Intelligence, so long urged but so often frustrated by Congressional pride of place and petty jealousies, should be established to monitor our intelligence services, to safeguard their security and to reduce the agency's secret espionage and covert operations *prudentia* to a free society.

Violence in Saigon

Almost immediately after Secretary McNamara left South Vietnam with an optimistic report on the war against the Communists, the continued conflict between President Diem's regime and the Buddhists and other opposition elements has exploded into new turmoil. Another Buddhist monk, the ninth since June, has burned himself to death to protest the régime's repressive policies and new student demonstrations have erupted to the same purpose.

The policies of President Diem's brother Nhu, who heads the Buddhist papacy, are now turning to violence against American government officials. Those who had witnessed the monk's suicide were beaten by plainclothes men and one had to be hospitalized. Among the three was our own correspondent, David Halberstam, whose remarkable and graphic reporting of the facts about both the war and the internal situ-

ation by the subcommittee is a province inspiring the Justice Department to sue to halt breaches of civil rights by officials or others acting under cover of any local law, custom or usage. This clause would provide a powerful weapon against the police-state methods so cruelly employed against Negroes in nine Deep South communities.

Also crucial in the new bill are provisions for the creation of a Federal Fair Employment Practices Commission, with power over discrimination by both employers and unions, and for the extension on a permanent basis of the Civil Rights Commission, now in a shameful state of suspended animation.

Almost every other section of the measure, including its pivotal section on Negro access to privately owned public accommodations, represents an improvement on the White House draft. The subcommittee, headed by Representative Emanuel Celler of Brooklyn, has demonstrated that Congress can supply initiative and intelligence in a great cause on the rare occasions when it is so moved.

Unfortunately, the outlook in the full Judiciary Committee is far less promising. Even though Mr. Celler is chairman of both groups, the composition of the parent body makes it almost certain that the amendment will result in a水牛城 of the bill before it goes to the House floor. Now is the day for a clear voice from the President in support of legislation that carries forward his stated principles even more effectively than his own.

Finished With All Engines'

On the bridge of the ghost liner America, the engine-room indicator is frozen on the signal, "Finished With All Engines." The nation's second largest passenger ship lies in dead storage at a Hoboken pier, immobilized by incessant international rivalry. Unless a second arbitrator can succeed this week in effecting peace, it is unlikely to sail again under the flag of the United States Lines.

From Ottawa comes equally gloomy news of the apparent collapse of efforts to effect an amicable settlement of the union feud that is tying up Great Lakes shipping and poisoning relations between this country and Canada. Prime Minister Pearson has told Parliament that no hope is left for a voluntary accord through direct union action. As a result Canada is proceeding with plans for legislation to put all the warring maritime unions under Government trusteeship.

These evidences of the extent to which labor freedom, the effectiveness of the merchant marine and even the stability of our international relations are being torpedoed by the reckless combat among brother unions in this vital industry lend urgency to the success of the efforts George Meany, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., is currently making to provide civilized procedures for ending these costly international duels. If he cannot succeed, the inevitable and necessary recourse will be to coercive action by Government.

The Clocks Run Down

To warm-blooded creatures, such as people, the crisp, cool days of autumn are invigorating. The stop quickens, the eye brightens and life takes on new vigor. But to the cold-blooded ones, such as insects, who are at the mercy of the sun rather than their own inner fires for life and energy, time begins to run out when nights turn frosty. With the short days, their clocks begin to run down.

You hear it in the evening, in the slow tempo of the strident ones, the katydids and the crickets that were so insistent only a few weeks ago. Now their chorus diminishes. When they stop at all it is with the deliberate tempo of a weary fiddler slowly drawing a worn bow across the fraying strings.

You see it in the morning, before a late sun has warmed the day. The butterflies that sought haven in a hedgerow meadow now reluctantly set out to warm their wings and resume flight before finding a hidden bivouac. You watch a newly hatched white butterfly with the cold, making his gradual way among the withering goldenrod flowers that had set out in a shaggy, the wings in shadow, tremble and the ground where he lay still like a lifeless mass.

Briefly, when the sun has absorbed itself by early afternoon, life is circumferenced. For a few hours flies buzz and buzz and bats glide down like lively moths in the soft air. Then the evening comes and the sun, the night and the darkness are at an end. We, recharged and refreshed by the season, welcome the change and can celebrate it. But the exhausted gardeners, the insect killers, have had their day in the sun.

One Who Dived Opal. It was her experience with Opal that made Mrs. Quest realize for the first time that much of the difficulty of keeping a servant lies in the fact that people like Opal never had more diversified lives than their masters did. Opal was pleasant and a good worker, but she demanded her forthcoming departure one day simply by saying she was tired of housework and wanted the warm and stimulating atmosphere of working with other girls in a store.

Agency girls come and went in the Quest household. There was Alice, who was older, and Joanie, who helped at the Quest villa until she fell to the floor one night just before dinner. But many of the young women from the agencies were very good—almost any one of them might have been the Family Retainer for whom Mrs. Quest's heart longed.

These agency girls who were the least likely to stop forward as the Family Retainer were often the most remarkable. There was Edna, a butter-bright girl from Trinidad. She was taking her M.A. at Columbia and presented herself drowsively benevolently. There was the smart and sensible Grace, who could finish *The Times* daily crossword puzzle faster than Mrs. Quest, but who got homesick for Jamaica. And there was Blanche, who planned to return to Philadelphia. None seemed ever to lose the sense of go. Whatever she planned, a condition of mobility set present in the Quest family.

It was the movement around career servant women of the agencies who seemed to get the most fun out of life. They collected recollections of employer families almost the way Don Juan collected affairs of the heart. Between jobs they loved to sit around, talking with other agency girls, drinking black coffee and describing the strange deings of the families they had worked for.

They had precious little sympathy for Mrs. Quest's attempts to make them into the Family Retainer who would one day be the Old Retainer. Some of the young women had loved the families where they had worked and had been loved in turn. But love or no, they had never stayed. There was always some good reason to go. Democracy and domestic service somehow depleted.

It wasn't a question of paying them fairly and treating them with consideration, as Mrs. Quest had learned. They had moved on with the changing world. Today, the good Mr. calls them and some of them—happily—can achieve it. And the good Mr. consists of something more interesting than supervising the kind of two-month-old Anthony Quest.

NIGHTFALL

You, and the ones of you making my turn,
The night's heavy silence between us.
Twilight like a beat on the power,
Its power
On the hills in the stillness. The
Night going out
Of the day. Nothing left but grey
shouldered cloud
In a remissened sky. So what am
I doing here,
Catching at shadows that catch at
my flesh?

I stand beside the sheltered bay,
One heavy breath,
Head still and lost in the intense
silences.
And an aise, vague thought—
Shaking the old
And the present deep and dense
nothingness,
I sleep, shuddered, till those eyes open
and I am.

And only a black shadow stands
Waiting,
Slowly drawn to a lone end
of the remissened shores of a dead
bay.

—CARRINGTON MACKAY.

way to influence or make policy. Similarly, the Defense Department had always been afraid the C.I.A. would get into the field of special operations, as it did in Cuba. Thus, State and Defense, jealous of their policy and operations functions, respectively, have always been suspicious of C.I.A. and prone to complain to the press whenever they think they see evidence of encroachment.

These feelings were savagely aroused in the first Cuban crisis. They have been heard again since Vietnam, but the analogy with Cuba is misleading.

No doubt McCone and his head man in Saigon, John E. Shadwick, who has now been called home, have been worried about both policy and operations in Vietnam. It would be surprising if they didn't.

The C.I.A. was deeply involved in Vietnam long before the 10,000 U.S. troops were sent there. The C.I.A. helped train the Vietnamese army. And they were already close to President Diem and his brother, Vice Diem. Who, before President Kennedy made his decision that a major counter-insurgency operation should be launched in Vietnam.

Thus, by the time the Buddhist temples were raided, starting the present crisis, the C.I.A., State and Defense officials were not only deeply involved in Saigon but were deeply involved emotionally and had different views about how the U.S. should react to the raid.

The differing views, however, did not always follow the party line of the three government agencies. Some men in State thought a major effort should be made to force changes in the policies and personnel of the Diem Government. Others thought that while such changes were desirable, they could not be forced without weakening the war effort. Yet these conflicting views existed within all three agencies, including the C.I.A. in Saigon, and President Kennedy himself first supported the first Diem and then the second.

This was not, then, an Alfred Hitchcock masterpiece involving the C.I.A. vs. the Rest. It was an honest, although over whether a purge of the Diem Government was possible and whether such a purge would or would not help the war effort.

McCone's Sensitivity

The State Department, for example, against this judgment of some of its own people but with the support of most of its top officials, issued a private directive in support of trying to force a change in the Diem Government.

It did not stick this out with C.I.A. to see whether C.I.A.'s intelligence could show that such a purge could be forced. Nor did it tell the Defense Department about the directive. No C.I.A. and Defense, which in general were not for trying the purge, were not amused.

What is surprising about all this is that McCone should be so surprised and tender about the criticism and the belated efforts of the White House to tidy things up.

This country is always going to be

one of the major powers in the world market: before World War II the West European countries now under Communist rule supplied a large part of Western Europe's food requirements.

Failure of System

If the Communist system, 40 years after its establishment, has not solved the problem of agricultural production, then it follows that it is a rotten economic system. The most highly planned socialist system upon earth fails to satisfy the dietary needs of the population—and this in the face of the alleged record achievements in science and technology and the vast potential wealth of the rural land.

Whatever might be the purpose of American policy, it should not be to help the Communists to grow over their stupendous failure. Communism leadership has diverted Soviet capital investment into space spectacles and the creation of nuclear power, designed to coerce the West into retreat and appeasement. The Soviet machine for war and blackmail has been built at the expense of the welfare of the Russian people. The United States should not only not assist Communist leadership in "protecting the back" for these pernicious investment policies, but should also point out vigorously to world opinion the true cause of the Soviet economic debacle. All they have to do is shift funds now spent on military-technological "fairy," including 100-megaton nuclear tests, into tractors, fertilizers and agricultural research, and Soviet food rations per capita would be more than ample to insure a healthy diet.

Agricultural Problem

The advocates of the wheat deal point out the advantages to be derived from setting part of our gigantic wheat surplus against "hard cash." The "hard cash" which we are likely to receive will be Soviet gold, raised by slave labor in Eastern Siberia. This unpleasant fact might not weigh heavily in the minds of those concerned with solving the problem of our agricultural surpluses by expanding our export markets. Yet the simplest calculation should reveal that the real problem of American agriculture and the world market for agricultural products is not insufficient demand but the fantastic price support and quota policies pursued by other Western countries.

The remedy for the ill of American agriculture will not be found in selling a parcel of our wheat surplus to the Soviets but in the adoption of rational and equitable domestic agricultural policies and in a long overdue agreement among the free world's major agricultural exporters. These steps will have to be taken before "Atlantic Partnership" will develop into something more tangible than pious declarations.

The wheat deal with the Soviet Union might help us to evade for a while the need for coming to grips with the problem of our domestic agriculture. This might not be the best of the many unfortunate implications. *Russell STONE-HUKE,* Philadelphia, Oct. 2, 1963.

Sale Disappeared

Two Bars or Ten New Years:
It seems unbelievable that we should be considering sale of wheat to Russia. Both bushel we sell her relative bar of the burden of improving her obsolete agricultural society. Bushel bushel we sell her perhaps bar to alleviate more of her af-

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